

December 13, 1916

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THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST "GENERAL  
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FRONT.

OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

JAPAN'S HEIR-APPARENT INSTALLED.

TOKYO *EN FÊTE* IN HONOUR OF THE  
CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

WAR DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE.

THE ROUMANIAN CAPITAL NOW IN  
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THE ROUMANIAN FIELD ARMY.

BELGIANS DEPORTED TO GERMANY.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND



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# THE WAR





# The Illustrated War News



"AS HARD AS NAILS": MUD-BESPATTERED CANADIAN PRIVATES FROM TRENCH-DUTY.

Canadian War Records.



## INFANTRY COMPANY.

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all as reserve fortress guns. The  
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omme front, awaiting orders, is  
otos. by C.N.]



# THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

WHEN the German Chancellor called together the members of the Reichstag and explained to them that Germany and her Allies had deemed this the time to "enter into negotiations" for peace, he did not merely surprise his hearers and the world, he complicated matters by uttering the message of the dove in the tone of the eagle.

As Bethmann-Hollweg puts it, we seem to be seeing an aggressive peace, just as we saw the German aggressive "defence" in Belgium. It is not meet, of course, for any of the belligerents to turn their faces from any opportunity of discussing terms that may serve the cause of humanity (and the Germans are insisting on the cause of humanity), but a peace that is armed with such military phrases as "unconquerable strength," "unshaken lines," and the rest, does not seem to be the best ground upon which to base discussion. The German Chancellor might have been playing his cards with all their value and power so that Germany might get its full reward in the game of diplomatic treaties, but the first effect of his suggestion was not merely to leave Germany's enemies cold, but to move them to further suspicion.

What is the meaning of the new move? There is a great deal of speculation as to Germany's reasons, since two years of war with Germany has made us feel that we must go carefully when dealing with acts and expressions Teutonic. It is conceivable that Germany is quite sincere, that she does wish to put an end to a state of things that has plunged practically the whole world into a condition of anarchy. But the first thing we ask is: If she is sincere, is she sincere in the world's way, or merely in the way of Germany? There is a difference. We have come to understand by now that ordinary facts of life, which appear quite clear and simple to every other race in the world, have a totally different aspect in German eyes. For instance, there can be no

doubt that to a German the mere acts of a German are right because they are German—whether the act is an invasion of Belgium, "to protect her against England"; or an attack on France, "to cure her of decadence with German solidity"; or the breaking of treaties, which were made for ordinary men and not Germans. You cannot argue with the German about the wrong of these matters, because he simply cannot see it: he is "Young Hans, the only one of a thousand men who is marching in step." Thus the German may be perfectly sincere about humanity, he may be anxious to do things for humanity—the trouble will be that the curious, inconsequent millions of humanity may, to his mystification and anger, disagree with him.

One of the obstacles, then, to peace—if Germany is really sincere—is the point of view. The Allies entered this war, and are waging this war, in defence of certain points of international equity; their intentions in this war will not have been fulfilled until it has been made certain for all time (by fighting or by some really binding treaty) that those points of international equity shall not be endangered. But even now Germany, apparently, is not conscious that she has anything to reproach herself with. Even in his speech the Chancellor protested that Germany was fighting a defensive war forced upon her. How can she see the Allies' view-point of humanity, if she considers her own unshakable?

There are, however, other reasons why Germany considers this moment the best for peace. These considerations are also set out in the German Chancellor's speech. She holds, at present, all the tricks. She has played her hand, we must admit it, well. She has Belgium, Serbia, North France, Montenegro, Poland, a portion of Russia proper, and the whole of Wallachia in her grasp. We have all her colonies, a fraction of Alsace-Lorraine, a portion of Austria and a fragment of Galicia, as well as having her



THE NEW FRENCH GENERALISSIMO IN SUCCESSION TO GENERAL JOFFRE: GENERAL NIVELLE.

As the man whose masterly tactics saved Verdun, and after beating off the last desperate German attacks in the summer of 1916 took the offensive and drove the enemy back baulked and baffled, General Nivelle's name will live in history. Under the new organisation scheme of the French Higher Command, General Joffre is to remain permanently in Paris as Adviser-in-Chief to the War Cabinet. General Nivelle replaces him as Generalissimo of the Armies on the North-East and East—from where the French and British lines touch on the Somme to Switzerland. He is half English. His mother before her marriage was a Miss Sparrow, a member of a family that has had, and has now, many representatives in both the British Navy and Army.

man Chancellor's speech. She holds, at present, all the tricks. She has played her hand, we must admit it, well. She has Belgium, Serbia, North France, Montenegro, Poland, a portion of Russia proper, and the whole of Wallachia in her grasp. We have all her colonies, a fraction of Alsace-Lorraine, a portion of Austria and a fragment of Galicia, as well as having her

sea-borne trade in our hands. She can put down and come out to advantage at the height of her power. She has come to the height of her power. Her future is problematical, but she holds. She feels that we are exchanging rather than risking our vicissitudes. She may be too confident about the future, but she may be willing to treat.

reason that may come from her own real need. She has suffered heavily in this war, not merely in men and munitionments, but in trade and finance, and, mightily, by hunger. She has used up her resources lavishly, and she has not broken those four enemies who count—those enemies who are not little Belgium, or little Serbia, but great France, great Britain, and great Italy. She has shown the quality of her strength, and she is in



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OUR ARMY PROTECT

death. This pleading for mail-clad pleading, may be to come out with success.



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sea-borne trade in our hand. In actual bargain-  
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future is problematical, but she has what she  
holds. She feels that we might be willing to  
exchange rather than risk the future, with its  
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too confident about their own, and therefore  
may be willing to treat. There is, finally, a

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little Belgium, or little Serbia, or little Roumania,  
but great France, great Britain, great Russia,  
and great Italy. She has expended the major  
quality of her strength, and by her acts she has  
shown it, and she is in danger of starving to

last great attempt to stir her own children to a  
fanatic passion of anger and resistance. This  
peace move may be a double-edged sword—an  
attempt to try and win the world, but more to  
try and win her own people.

If this is bluff, and the Allies fall to it, Germany  
will come out, as she says, "unconquerable" and  
unconquered. She will, unless she really acts upon  
what she says about humanity, come out winner  
with her unbroken forces still holding enemy  
territory. If she fails to carry her negotiations,  
she hopes, first, to turn to the world with

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sacred wrath  
against our  
enemies, who  
are unwilling  
to stop human  
slaughter in  
order that  
their plans of

conquest and annihilation may continue." Per-  
haps, after all, that is the secret of the peace  
move. No nation can "solemnly decline" respon-  
sibility once the act has been committed—the  
accused is not the judge, and the neutrals can



THE CONTINUITY OF THE ALLIED LINE ALONG THE WESTERN FRONT:  
WHERE THE BRITISH AND FRENCH LINES MEET AND LINK TOGETHER ON  
THE SOMME—EVERYDAY TRAFFIC.

French Official Photograph.



OUR ARMY PROTECTING EGYPT: A YEOMANRY REGIMENT ON ARABS PASSING THROUGH CAIRO  
ON THE WAY TO AN INSPECTION PARADE.

Photograph by C.N.

death. This pleading for peace, though it is a  
mail-clad pleading, may be her last great throw  
to come out with success—or, *what is more, her*

form their own opinions without the help of  
Germany. But to give a new passion to one's  
war-weary subjects is another matter. To be



able to turn to one's own people, and say: "Well, we have done what we could, but see, these Allies are determined to annihilate you at all costs!" That is a great asset in the hands of a Government.

And it may be the asset the Germans are playing for. Germany, as we know, is war-weary; Germany is feeling the pinch of hunger



THE ALLIES' CONTROL OF THE SEA ENSURES THE SUPPLYING OF FRANCE WITH EXTRA FOOD AND MUNITIONS: CARGOES FROM OVERSEA ON THE QUAYS AT A GREAT FRENCH ATLANTIC PORT.  
*French Official Photograph.*

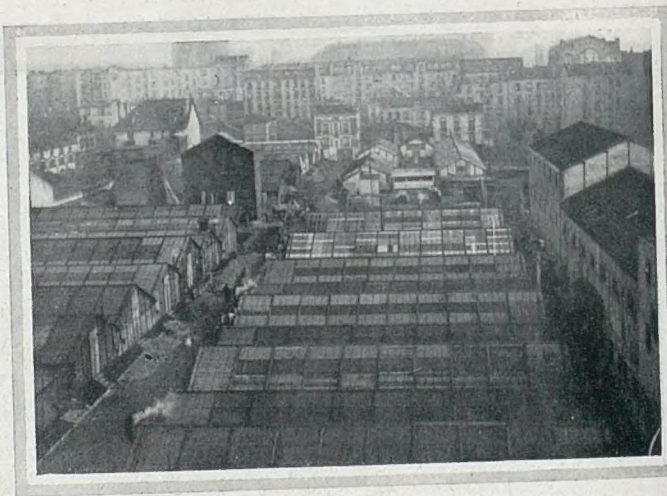
in a painful degree; Germany, moreover, is facing the great *levy in mass*, a measure which, though it is vitally necessary to Germany in her straits, is also grievously burdensome, and not at all popular. The peace proposition may be the means of making that measure not only popular, but a sweeping success. The failure of the peace negotiations may be the victory for the extreme demands of Germany. Germany, failing to attain her own peace, may turn to her peoples crying out: "You are against the wall now. We have tried to reason with your enemies, but they will not listen. They mean to exterminate all Germans; not war, but annihilation, is their intention. All that remains now is to fight to the last gasp, for victory, or in sheer self-defence." These peace negotiations may prove to be the greatest bluff, not played on the world, but played on the German people. It may prove the means, not of attaining peace, but engendering the last and most terrible flame of hate in the hearts of a war-weary people. It will be interesting to watch whether "humanity" or "Germany" bulks larger in the negotiations; that is, whether sincerity or domestic diplomacy will prove the main factor in the treating.

The course of the Allies is not so complicated. We know exactly what sort of peace we mean to accept. We know that we are going to get it or fight for it. We have no illusions about the

matter, we are only just beginning to make our powers felt; and if we have not been so dramatically successful up to this, we can go on, and we will go on. We are not asking anything of Germany, save that the test of arms shall continue, though, if Germany is really sincere, we will meet her sincerely. But, though we know what we want, we feel that it is not what Germany wants, and thus we go into negotiations a little lukewarm.

Truly, we have not done many dramatic things, even in the past week. Germany still advances in Roumania, though the Russians and Roumanians have fought well and gained at local points, these gains, however, not impeding the general advance, which has gained a good hold over all Wallachia. On the Salonika front, there has been a little fighting, some of it in the nature of counter-attacks by the enemy, none of it, yet, of emphatic meaning. As to the intentions of Greece the news remains doubtful and incomplete, owing no doubt in part to the Greek Government's Press censorship—but as hinted in Parliament a clearing of the situation is likely.

The West has, again, been mainly mud-logged, and on the sea the German submarines have been showing their apparent activity, though even the German submarines have not been able to loosen the "unapparent" grip that is playing havoc with Germany's food supply. We are quiet, we are not demonstrative in victories, we



FRANCE'S WELL KEPT-UP PROVISION OF MUNITIONS: STOREHOUSES AND WORKSHOPS AT A DEPÔT BELONGING TO ONE OF THE MILITARY ADMINISTRATIVE DEPARTMENTS.  
*French Official Photograph.*

are putting our political and military houses in order; but we are not offering peace terms. Possibly we are more confident of the future than Germany.



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A FRENCH MILITARY T

The illustration shows a corner in exchange somewhere in the Somme at work. The seats are occupied by day and night. Intervals when mess are few. Brigades, divisions, army c are so linked, and keep touch with



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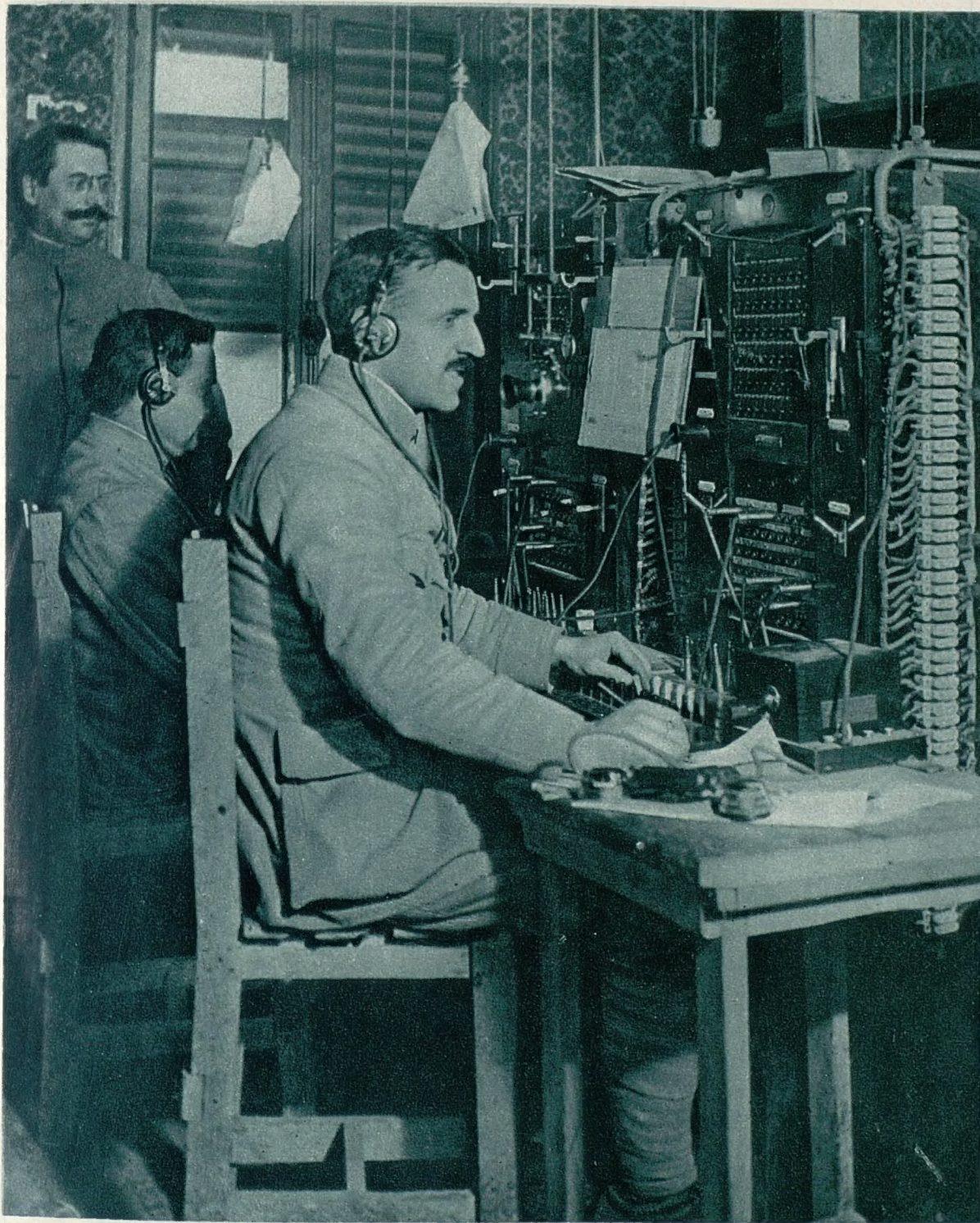
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## The Web of Wire that Links the French Armies.



### A FRENCH MILITARY TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN THE SOMME AREA: TRANSMITTING MESSAGES.

The illustration shows a corner in a French military telephone exchange somewhere in the Somme district, with soldier-operators at work. The seats are occupied by relays of men continuously, day and night. Intervals when messages are not being transmitted are few. Brigades, divisions, army corps, armies, groups of armies, are so linked, and keep touch with one another and with General

Army Headquarters and the Ministry of War in Paris. Scores of exchanges work lines which radiate between the Somme on one side and the Southern Vosges on the other. That seen here, as the patterned wall-paper and the Venetian blinds suggest, has its quarters in what was formerly a private dwelling-house.—[French Official Photograph.]



# A Hot-Bath Caravan for Troops in the field.



## TO PROVIDE 1600 HOT BATHS IN 14 HOURS: A BRITISH GIFT TO THE BELGIAN ARMY.

Two new bath-caravans, recently inspected by the King and Queen, have been presented to the Belgian Army, for use at the front, by the Wounded Allies Relief Committee. It is estimated that the bath-caravans will supply hot baths continuously for 14 hours, and that in that time they may be able to deal with about 1600 men. The water is heated by petroleum, and the caravans are to

be drawn by horses and set up wherever water is available. They can be taken close to the trenches. Each van contains 12 baths of light steel, "nested" one inside another. Attached to the side are waterproof sheetings for forming tents with poles and spars. The lower photograph shows a bath-caravan being tested in Regent's Park.—[Photos. by Central Press.]

# On the B



## "NO THOROUGHFARE"

The upper illustration shows men had its part in the fighting on German dug-out. They are seen dug-out. Over the doorway the in position, with its lettering to of the original inmates—"Dur



Field.



## THE BELGIAN ARMY.

wherever water is available. They  
chases. Each van contains 12 baths  
inside another. Attached to the side  
forming tents with poles and spars.  
a bath-caravan being tested in  
[Central Press.]

## On the British Western front: Our Men in Possession.



## "NO THOROUGHFARE" FOR GERMANS THEN AND NOW: A CAPTURED DUG-OUT AND ITS BOARD.

The upper illustration shows men of a British battalion which has had its part in the fighting on the Western Front, occupying a German dug-out. They are seen just inside the entrance to the dug-out. Over the doorway the German notice-board still remains in position, with its lettering to warn off intruders on the privacy of the original inmates—"Durchgang Verboten"—i.e., "No

Thoroughfare." Two German steel trench-helmets, spoils to the victors, lie in front of the entrance. The lower illustration shows an officer standing outside the entrance of the same dug-out, renamed "The Corner House." As the brickwork to the left indicates, the dug-out was constructed beneath a house. The roof is supported by iron girders, and shored up.—[Official Photographs.]



### Wanton Bombardments of French Ancestral Homes.

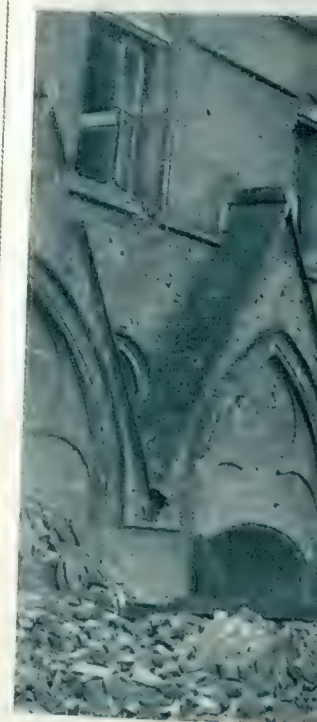


#### IN A HISTORIC LORRAINE CHATEAU: SHELL-DAMAGE IN THE DINING-ROOM AND A BEDROOM.

The district in the invaded departments of Northern France has escaped paying the toll of war in the shape of serious—too often irreparable—damage to the historic châteaux and ancestral mansions which, before the war, were the pride of the countryside. Some dated from Mediaeval and Renaissance times, and had been spared even by the frenzied peasant incendiaries of the French Revolution.

It was left for the Germans of the twentieth century to perpetrate the outrage of wrecking or destroying such buildings, wantonly and, in nine cases out of ten, without a shadow of military excuse. The upper illustration shows the dining-room of a chateau in Lorraine used by the enemy as a target for random shelling. The lower shows a bedroom.—[French Official Photographs.]

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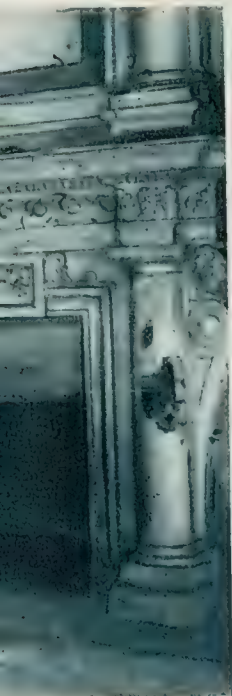


#### FUSILIERS MARINS AT

The French Fusiliers Marins have second to none. Their feats of daring action in the Dixmude and Nieupoort are almost incredible. The first phase during the German desperate effort to take the city. There have been other phases since.



## Homes.



## AND A BEDROOM.

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ial Photographs.]

## The french Bluejacket Brigade in West flanders.



## FUSILIERS MARINS AT NIEUPORT: BRINGING IN FIREWOOD;—NIEUPORT CHURCH AND TOWER.

The French Fusiliers Marins have won a reputation for heroism second to none. Their feats of daring and devoted endurance in action in the Dixmude and Nieuport districts of West Flanders are almost incredible. The first phase of their war service was during the German desperate effort to "hack through" to Calais. There have been other phases since, and, as our upper illustration

of a firewood-collecting fatigue party shows, some of the corps are in the battle-line there now. They are French bluejackets, originally drafted from the Brest Fleet as a Brigade to help save West Flanders during the critical autumn weeks of 1914. The lower illustration shows the wrecked church and scarred tower of Nieuport, where they are in garrison.—[French Official Photographs.]



## THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: ANCIENT ARTILLERY.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder all artillery work was done by means of mechanical throwers, which were superseded by cannon when that propellant became available. A review of these early "war-engines" is of interest to-day, in that similar contrivances have been used in the present campaign for the purpose of throwing hand-grenades at long ranges. War-engines of various types were known at a very early period, allusions being made to them in the Old Testament (2 Chronicles xxvi. 15), in the reign of Uzziah, 808-757 B.C. We again hear of them in 397 B.C., when Dionysius of Syracuse attacked the Carthaginians. These weapons were unknown to the Romans until their conquest of Greece, 146 B.C., after which they made use of them in all their campaigns. It is therefore fair to assume that the catapult and balista were Greek weapons afterwards adopted by the Romans.

The catapult (see Fig. 4) consisted of a heavy timber frame across which a powerful cable of several strands was stretched. This cable, usually made from animal sinews or hair, was attached at both ends to ratchet wheels on the frame, by means of which it could be twisted. One end of a throwing arm was inserted between the strands of the cable, the other end being provided with a cavity to accommodate the projectile. A heavy cross-bar was erected, against which the arm rested when in vertical position; whilst the cable was twisted by the ratchet wheels in a direction forcing the arm against the cross-bar. The desired tension having been applied to the cables, the ratchet wheels were locked, and the throwing arm pulled backwards by means of a winch until it lay in a horizontal position, where it was retained by a catch, the operation of pulling back the arm putting still more twist on the cables. A stone ball or other projectile having been placed in the "cup" at the end of the arm, the latter was released by knocking away the catch, and the "muzzle velocity" imparted to the shot as the arm flew forward gave it a range amounting in some cases to 450 yards, the weight of the shot itself being about 60 lb. The construction of an efficient arm for a catapult was by no means an easy matter, great strength and little weight being vital necessities—strength to resist damage when the arm struck the cross-bar, which was padded to

soften the blow; and absence of weight so that the motion of the arm should increase as rapidly as possible, the range of the shot, of course, depending on its speed. The arms of the early catapults were built up from strips of flexible wood, with layers of animal sinews between them, the whole thing being lashed together and bound with raw-hide thongs. In order to admit the use of a light arm, and incidentally to increase its range, the projectile "cup" was sometimes replaced by a sling, and this practice was continued in the case of the more modern "trebuchet" of the Middle Ages.

Another war-engine contemporary with the catapult, called the balista (Fig. 1), obtained its power from two sets of twisted cables set vertically in its frame and twisted in opposite directions by

means of ratchet wheels, each set actuating a horizontal arm projecting towards the rear of the machine. The extremities of the arms were connected by a "bow string," which was pulled back by the usual winch when the weapon was loaded, and which, when released, imparted its motion to a heavy arrow or javelin in the

same manner as an ordinary cross-bow. Balistas of various sizes were in use in Roman times, the smallest being very little larger than the hand cross-bow, whilst the largest were capable of throwing arrows weighing six pounds or more to a distance of 500 yards. Stone balls instead of arrows could be hurled from a balista with a suitable "bow-string." Leonardo da Vinci (1445-1520) gives an illustration of an enormous balista of the latter type (Fig. 7) which propelled its shot by means of a double bow-string actuated by a gigantic bow. In Fig. 2 we see a catapult on wheels, presumably the "field gun" of the Roman period. Tracing the development of war-engines down to the Middle Ages, we find a decidedly retrograde tendency, the weapons of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries showing less efficiency than those of the Roman period, owing largely to the fact that falling weights had been substituted for twisted sinews as a propelling force, the special methods of manufacture of the latter having apparently been forgotten. The trebuchet, a twelfth-century "engine," is very similar to a catapult, but the upward and forward swing of its arm is occasioned by the fall of a heavy weight attached to it beyond the point at which it is pivotted.

[Continued opposite.]

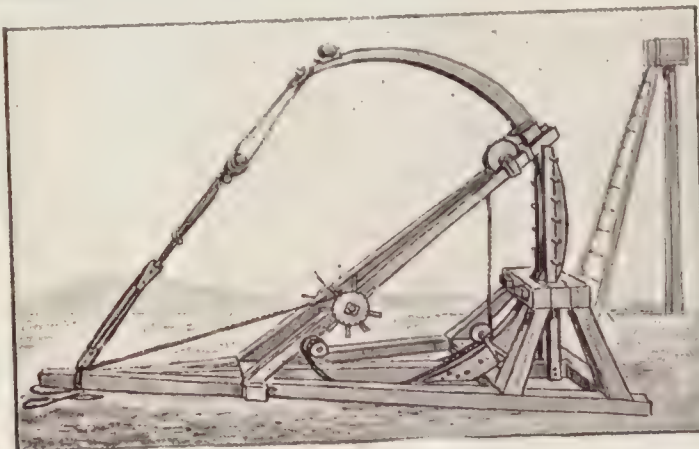


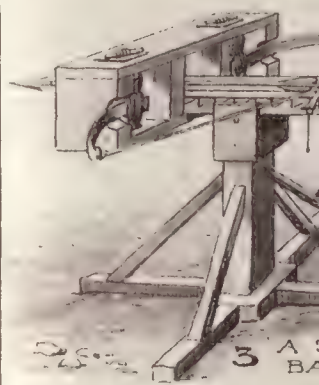
FIG. 8.—FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY LEONARDO DA VINCI:  
A MECHANICAL DEVICE FOR THROWING TWO STONES AT ONCE.



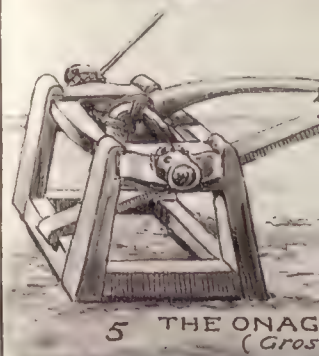
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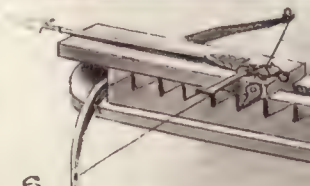
1  
A SIEGE  
BALISTA



3 A BALISTA



5 THE ONAGRA  
(GROS)



6 THE "SCORPION"  
A ONE-MAN MACHINE  
AND THE SMALLEST  
OF ITS KIND.

## FROM ROMAN TIMES TO THE PRESENT

[Continued.]  
It is said that dead horses were used to pull the engines of the besieged towns by the agency of the dead horses, a common, if impolite practice, to the air from the arm of a trebuchet did not please the party to whom it was sold. A French historian that the dead



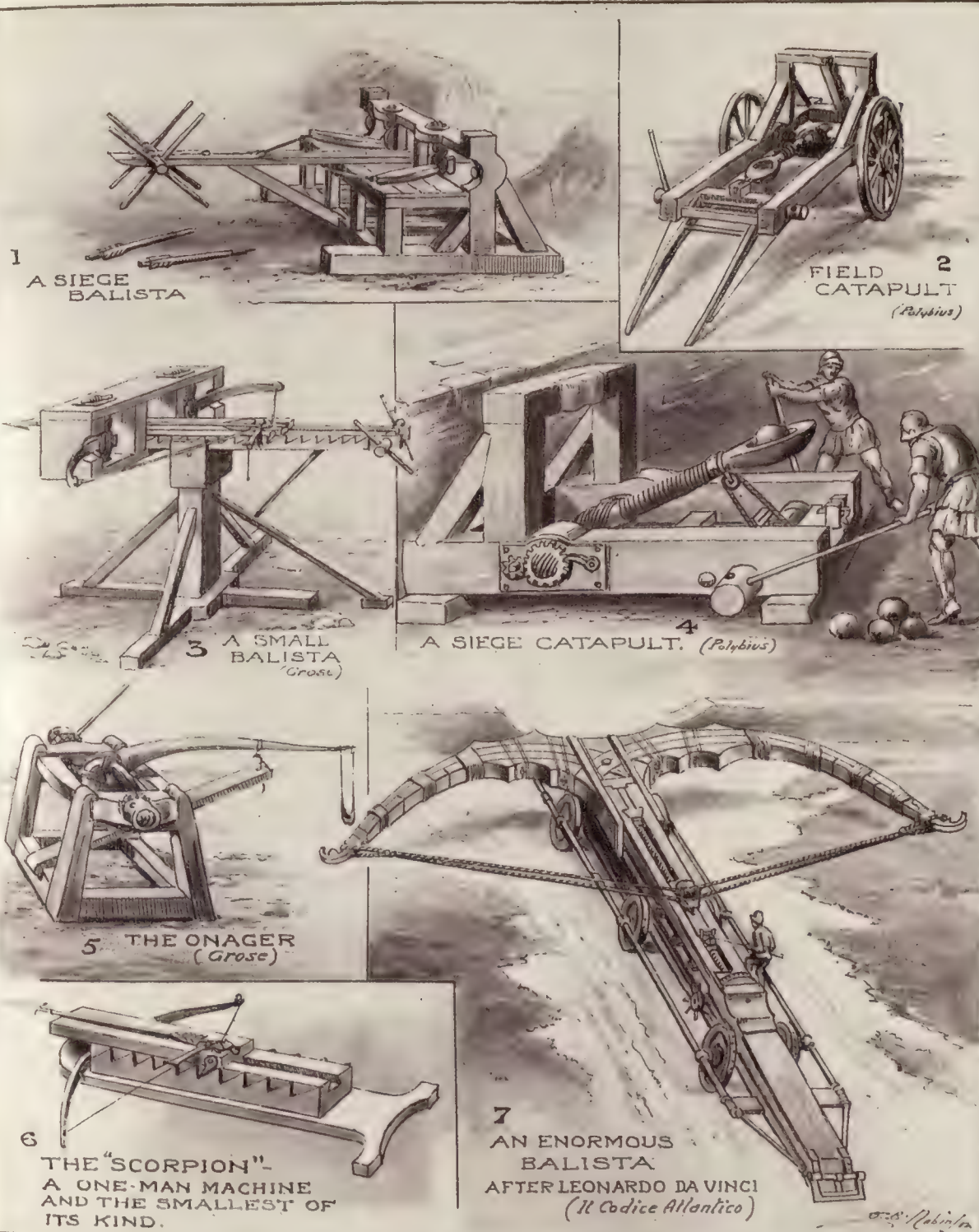
## ARTILLERY.

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(Continued opposite.)

## The Beginnings of War-Machines: Ancient Artillery.



## FROM ROMAN TIMES TO LEONARDO DA VINCI: ANCIENT PROTOTYPES OF MODERN GRENADE-THROWERS.

(Continued.)

It is said that dead horses were on some occasions thrown into besieged towns by the agency of these machines, and that it was a common, if impolite practice, to send a herald back through the air from the arm of a trebuchet as a hint that his message did not please the party to whom he brought it. We are told by a French historian that the dead bodies of soldiers, together with

2000 cartloads of manure, were thrown by trebuchets into the besieged town of Carolstein in 1422 with the object of causing a pestilence. Catapults and balistas played a very important part in the Siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and much interesting information concerning their operations is given by historians of the period, notably by the well-known writer, Josephus.—[Drawn by W. B. Robinson.]



## With the British Army Guarding Egypt.



## EVERYDAY INCIDENTS: A CAMEL WORKING A WATER-PUMP;—SOLDIERS BOATING ON THE NILE.

A camera-snapshot on the outskirts of one of our camps in Egypt is seen in the upper illustration. It shows one use to which Army camels in Egypt are put—water-pump working at a camp well, while two little "Gyppies" stare open-eyed at a soldier. The camel's task is to walk round and round and keep the horizontal wheel moving. Oxen are employed in most places—a camel for

the work is a rarity. The lower illustration shows a soldier's boating party on the Nile, coming in to the bank. For the time being, as far as is generally known, the British forces holding Egypt are mainly occupied in watching and safeguarding the frontiers and otherwise awaiting the shaping of events in their camps and quarters.—[Photos, by C.N.]



## THE HORSE-SUPPLY OF

Arabs, and "Walers," as the weight-carrying Australian horse is called, are the principal place of origin, New mounting our cavalry regiment. In hot countries, such as India, stand the climate well. Th



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#### BOATING ON THE NILE.

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### With the British Army Guarding Egypt.



#### THE HORSE-SUPPLY OF OUR YEOMANRY: AN ARAB REMOUNT UNDER TRAINING FOR FIELD SERVICE.

Arabs, and "Walers," as the big-boned, fifteen to sixteen hands weight-carrying Australian horses are generally called (from their principal place of origin, New South Wales) are employed for mounting our cavalry regiments almost everywhere outside Europe. In hot countries, such as India and Egypt, Arabs and "Walers" stand the climate well. The ordinary "country breds" of

Egypt and India, except those crossed with European blood at stud-farms, are, as a rule, lacking in stamina, being under-sized animals; not up to the weight of a trooper with his field-service kit. An Arab remount, for our Yeomanry in Egypt, is seen above, being broken in to cavalry work. Before the war, Eastern Arabia supplied most of our Arab remounts.—[Photograph by C.N.]



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XXVIII.—THE 1ST BORDER REGIMENT.

## THE NURSERY OF A HUMOURIST.

THE 34th Regiment of Foot, now the 1st Border Regiment, has among its distinctions one that is somewhat rare for a fighting corps—that of being the nursery of a very great English man of letters. He never served with the corps, but he followed its fortunes during the most formative years of his life, and there received those vivid early impressions which he was afterwards to weave into immortal fiction. It is the early impressions that really count with an author—what would Rabelais have been without the legends of his native Touraine?—and thus the writer in question, as he trailed in infancy at the heels of the 34th Foot, in which his father lived and died a simple subaltern, came to know those military matters and stories of old wars which were to serve him well when in manhood, wearing lightly the disguise of a parson, he, the prince of witty sentimentalists, came to produce the most worldly, the most exquisitely entertaining—in a word, the most Rabelaisian, *bien entendu*, of all English books. His father, whose Christian name was Roger, joined the 34th as an Ensign

named Nuttle who had served the British Army in Flanders. The marriage was peculiar in its circumstances. Possibly there was attachment between the high contracting parties, but the famous son of the union makes a note, whimsically, and perhaps cynically suggestive, quite after his own manner:

"N.B.—He (my father) was in debt to him (i.e., Nuttle)." Be that as it may, the former Mrs. Hebert was a faithful and devoted wife to the poor Ensign; she plodded patiently after him in his wanderings, and did her best for an increasing family, some of whom died young. The lot of a junior officer's children in a marching regiment was not enviable, and those of this family were fragile. The first was born at Lille in 1712. Of one little sister her brother, in his inimitable style, writes:

"This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin. She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babies."

He himself first saw the light at Clonmel on Nov. 24, 1713. That day was not marked at the



ON THE BALKAN FRONT.—A CLASS OF LIGHT ARTILLERY AVAILABLE FOR ACTION OVER ANY GROUND: GETTING A BRITISH MOUNTAIN-GUN READY FOR ACTION.

Official Photograph.



ON THE BALKAN FRONT.—ARTILLERY WHICH CAN BE TAKEN ANYWHERE THAT MULES CAN KEEP THEIR FOOTING: BRITISH MOUNTAIN BATTERY TEAMS MOVING FORWARD INTO ACTION.

Official Photograph.

somewhere in the early years of the eighteenth century. On Sept. 25, 1711, he took to wife a widow, Agnes Hebert, step-daughter of a sutler

time with a red letter in the Ensign's domestic or professional calendar. The Peace of Utrecht had led to a reduction of military establishment, and

(Continued overleaf.)



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## THE RUSSIAN ARMY

At a moment when the hope in Roumania rest mainly on her, these photographs of Russian interest. The first shows a artillery leading, followed by fantry are seen resting in the



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[Continued overleaf.]

## Troops of a Great Power Hiding Roumania.



## THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD: ARTILLERY, CAVALRY, INFANTRY, AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS.

At a moment when the hopes of retrieving the military situation in Roumania rest mainly on the further help that Russia can give her, these photographs of Russian troops in the field are of special interest. The first shows a force moving to a new position, with artillery leading, followed by cavalry. In the second Russian infantry are seen resting in their trenches, their rifles left ready in

the loopholes; and in the third, Russian anti-aircraft guns being prepared for action. Already Russian soldiers have fought side by side with the Roumanians, to good effect. Thus, a Russian official report regarding the Roumanian front stated on December 9: "We attacked the enemy and dislodged him from two heights, capturing nearly 500 prisoners."—[Photos. by Korsakoff.]



this poor subaltern, "with many other brave officers," was, the day after his son's arrival, "broke and sent adrift into the wide world with his wife and two children." All he had to depend upon was the handsome half-pay of his rank—say, three shillings a day. He and his household went, therefore, to live with his mother at Elvington, the family seat. Two years passed, and then the '15 saw the re-embodiment at full strength of the 34th. The Ensign was recalled to the colours, without promotion, which he had neither means nor influence to obtain. And so the old roving life began again.

The itinerary is varied. First to Dublin; then almost immediately to Plymouth, by a miserable sea voyage from Liverpool; and once more to Dublin, where for a time fortune seemed kinder. There is word of a large house and the spending of much money—how obtained does not appear. In 1719 orders came for the 34th to go to the Isle of Wight *en route* for service in Spain. After a narrow escape from shipwreck, the family remained in the Isle, while the Ensign fought at Vigo. On his return he was sent to Wicklow. There his wife and children joined him, but not without further perils by sea. For a time they were given up as lost, for the vessel was weeks overdue. Another year in barracks passed uneventfully, and then the good lady, now blessed with a fifth child, went for a time to live with her kinsman, the Rev. Mr.

From Wicklow the 34th moved successively to Dublin, Drogheda, and Mullingar, and later to Carrickfergus, where the fifth child died and a sixth was born—another pretty blossom fated to fall, like the others, in infancy. The gifted second boy, however, thrived, and about his tenth year means were found to send him to school.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—NECESSARIES OF EVERYDAY LIFE AT THE FRONT: THREE OFFICERS WEARING WADERS—TWO OF THEM IN WINTER SLEEVELESS JACKETS.

Official Photograph.

The much-tried Ensign was now sent to Londonderry, where his seventh child was born. Of his boy, now at school, he very probably saw no more, for he was ordered to Gibraltar, which he reached with six surviving companies of the 34th. Shipwreck had once more been his fortune, and the regiment lost several companies on the way to the Rock. After a year he returned to Ireland, and there quarrelled with a brother officer, who pinned him to the wall. He recovered, but his last days were spent in pathetic imbecility.

But the hard life of this obscure soldier was not to pass into oblivion. He had begotten one who was to immortalise him, this "smart little man—active to the last degree in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments of which it pleased God to give him full measure."

And many of the Ensign's amiable traits doubtless survive in a yet greater portrait, albeit that portrait does not bear his name. The famous parson—author of later years was a wonderful master of the military character and of military detail, and that he owed to

his rough, informal apprenticeship with the 34th Foot. Thus it came about that he drew, with so loving and faithful a hand, Captain Shandy, Corporal Trim, and other creations which are the imperishable glory of Laurence Sterne.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—HOW WINTER CAMPAIGN REQUIREMENTS ARE SEEN TO BY HEADQUARTERS: A HORSE-LOAD OF TRENCH-BOOTS GOING ROUND FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Official Photograph.

Fetherston, clergyman of Animo, County Wicklow. There the future writer fell into a mill-race, when the mill was going, passed through, and was taken out unhurt. He became a nine days' wonder.

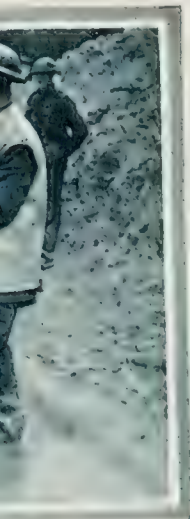


#### PROPOUNDER OF TH

In the crowded Reichstag on Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg Allies had offered to negotiate "Our strength," he said, "responsibility before God, sense of duty towards his na



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## The Bearer of Germany's Withered Olive-Branch.



### PROPOUNDER OF THE "PEACE" OFFER IN THE REICHSTAG: CHANCELLOR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

In the crowded Reichstag on December 12 the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, announced that Germany and her Allies had offered to negotiate for peace with the Entente Powers. "Our strength," he said, "has not made our ears deaf to our responsibility before God. . . . In a deep moral and religious sense of duty towards his nation, and, beyond it, towards humanity,

the Emperor considers that the moment has come for official action towards peace." The reply is that it is a pity Germany and her Emperor did not feel their "responsibility before God" and sense of duty towards humanity before beginning the war, which they pretend was forced upon them, but which they alone caused. At this stage peace is impossible.—[Drawing from a German Paper.]



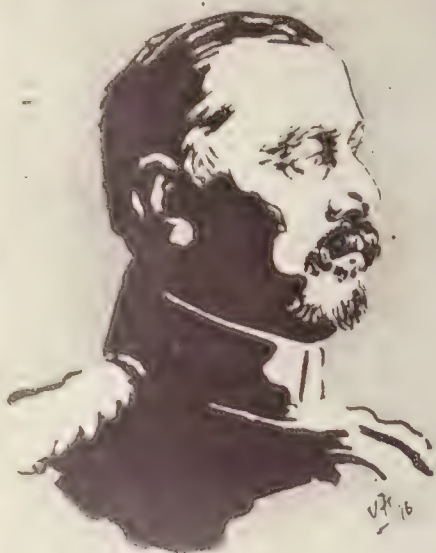


## Personages of the War: Characteristic facial Types.



Britain.  
(South Africa)

General Botha



Germany.

Marshal  
Liman von Sanders.



Britain.

The Prince of Wales.



Germany.

The Crown Prince



### CONTRASTS: LEADERS IN SOUTH AFRICA AND GALLIPOLI;—THE BRITISH AND GERMAN HEIRS.

The four contrasted facial types in the sketch-portraits of personages prominent in connection with the war shown on this page are curious and interesting as representing, in each case a characteristic expression. Nos. 1 and 2 are two leaders on, so to speak, the outer fringes of the world-war operations; General Botha, the great leader of the South African Union forces in the

campaign in German South-West Africa; and Marshal Liman von Sanders, the German Commander-in-Chief of the Turco-German Army which defended the Gallipoli Peninsula. No. 3 shows the frank expression characteristic of the Prince of Wales. No. 4 is the Kaiser's Heir, whose familiar smirk has given place here to a hard expression which typifies exactly the Brandenburger.



## Perso

Britain.  
(South Africa)



Britain.



### CONTRASTS: BRITISH

General Smuts, the South African leader in the successful campaign in Germany, is the first of this close, is the first of this Rupprecht, the Crown Prince, another German commander, his expressions of hatred for



## Types.



Marshal  
Liman von Sander.



The Crown Prince



## D GERMAN HEIRS.

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## Personages of the War: Characteristic facial Types.



Britain.  
(South Africa.)

General Smuts



Germany.

Crown Prince Rupert  
of Bavaria.



Britain.

General  
Sir John Maxwell



Germany.

General  
von Mackensen.



CONTRASTS: BRITISH LEADERS IN EAST AFRICA AND EGYPT;—NOTABLE ENEMY LEADERS IN EUROPE.

General Smuts, the South African commander whose completely successful campaign in German East Africa is now drawing to its close, is the first of this set of four sketch-portraits. Prince Rupprecht, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, is the second. Hardly another German commander has equalled the savage virulence of his expressions of hatred for the British troops. *Per contra*, his

Bavarians have undoubtedly "got it hotter" from our men than perhaps any other troops in the German armies. The third portrait is that of General Sir John Maxwell, whose masterly strategical arrangements for the safeguarding of the Egypt frontiers foiled every effort of the enemy. The fourth sketch-portrait shows the celebrated Marshal Mackensen, German command-in-chief in Roumania.





# With the Serbians on the West Macedonia front: Mountain Warfare



## SERBIAN INFANTRY LINING UP ON A RIDGE JUST TAKEN, TO DRIVE THE ENEMY FROM THE NEXT

Very much as with the Italian infantry fighting on the Trentino and Cadore fronts, the Serbian regiments on the Western Macedonia front taking part in the Monastir campaign are for most part engaged in mountain warfare. They have to fight a series of uphill battles in succession. As they go forward, first one line of ridges and hill-crests has to be cleared of the enemy;

then the next beyond. So the battles taken possession of, and the advancing in front, until their opponents weaken



Macedonia front: Mountain Warfare from Hill Crest to Hill Crest.



ON A RIDGE JUST TAKEN, TO DRIVE THE ENEMY FROM THE NEXT RIDGE BEYOND: OPENING FIRE.

the Serbian regiments on the Western mountain warfare. They have to fight a hill-crests has to be cleared of the enemy;

then the next beyond. So the battles all shape. In each, as the enemy draw off, the crest-line they have been occupying is taken possession of, and the advancing Serbians line up along it. From there they exchange fire with the enemy on the ridge in front, until their opponents weaken. Such a hill-crest action is shown in progress here.—[French Official Photograph.]



# On the Balkan front: Officers Off Duty.



NEAR CAMP: A THRESHING-FLOOR TENNIS COURT SHELLED OCCASIONALLY;—VILLAGE BADMINTON.

It is as much as anything as a means of keeping physically fit that British officers everywhere turn to sport and games during off-duty time. In Mesopotamia, for instance, when they can, officers play polo, improvising sticks and borrowing transport ponies for a game. At the Dardanelles, officers joined with the men in football and cricket matches of a sort. In the upper illustration

here some of the officers of units on the Balkan front are seen having a game of tennis. The court was originally a dried mud threshing-floor. Enemy shells, in fact, occasionally plump down on it—the wrecked house seen at one corner was destroyed by a shell shortly before the photograph was taken. Officers at Badminton in a Balkan village are seen in the lower picture.—[Official Photographs.]

## With the fl



A "FRIENDLY" BETWEEN A SHIP

If any stray copy of this issue of "The Illustrated" should get into enemy hands and reach either the Kaiser or the Czar, one rather wonders what naval men the pair of illustrations! Officers of a ship of the line, with their own men, and actually matched may imagine the Teutonic comments on the



## With the fleet in the Aegean: football Off Duty.



### A "FRIENDLY" BETWEEN A SHIP'S OFFICERS AND MEN: THE MATCH IN PROGRESS—FOUR GOALS ALL.

If any stray copy of this issue of "The Illustrated War News" should get into enemy hands and reach either Wilhelmshaven or Kiel, one rather wonders what naval men there will say to this pair of illustrations! Officers of a ship of war playing football with their own men, and actually matched against them! One may imagine the Teutonic comments on the looseness of discipline

that can allow such things. Yet the subject is only a typical sample of the good-fellowship that characterizes the British Navy. The idea of officers of a German man-of-war personally mixing in active sports or recreation with their subordinates is—knowing the Junker stand-offishness of German officers afloat or ashore towards their men—unthinkable.—[Official Photographs.]

### VILLAGE BADMINTON.

on the Balkan front are seen  
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ken. Officers at Badminton in  
picture.—[Official Photographs.]



# france's Channel Seaplane Station at Dunkirk.



ONE OF THE FLOTILLA ABOUT TO CRUISE : BEING LAUNCHED ;—AFLOAT AND AWAITING ORDERS.

Dunkirk, which is situated at the northern extremity of the French Channel seaboard, nearly opposite Ramsgate, is a Channel station and base for a French seaplane flotilla which has done notable service in the war. From Dunkirk as a starting-point, several French seaplanes have co-operated with ours in bomb-dropping attacks on Zeebrugge. Dunkirk seaplanes, also, operating either

singly or in *escadrilles*, have bombed German hangars and munition storehouses in the neighbourhood of Ghent and Bruges, and yet further afield within reach of their headquarters. In the upper illustration, a French seaplane is seen in the harbour at Dunkirk, just about to be launched. In the second illustration the seaplane is shown preparatory to its flight.—[French Official Photographs.]

## france's



THE SEAPLANE WELL OFF A

It was from Dunkirk that the news was received in London that the German aeroplane had been intercepted and brought down on the afternoon of the 19th. Whether the French aviators to whom the gratitude were on board seaplanes, or



Dunkirk.



BOAT AND AWAITING ORDERS.

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its flight.—[French Official Photographs.]

## france's Channel Seaplane Station at Dunkirk.



## THE SEAPLANE WELL OFF AND BACK AGAIN: MOUNTING TO MID-AIR;—LANDING AFTER THE CRUISE.

It was from Dunkirk that the news was sent to the Admiralty in London that the German aeroplane raider which dropped bombs on the capital early on the afternoon of November 28 had been intercepted and brought down on the way back by French airmen. Whether the French aviators to whom London owes that debt of gratitude were on board seaplanes, or in other aircraft, was not

stated in the official Admiralty message, nor have particulars been published as to how near Dunkirk the encounter took place. The upper illustration shows a French seaplane of the Dunkirk flotilla in flight. It carries its tail like a scorpion. In the second illustration, a seaplane is seen on its return to port, being hauled up on the landing-stage.—[French Official Photographs.]



## FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XIX.—'ENERY.

"WELL, enny'ow," sniffed 'Enery, "I can't stick this enny more. I'm out o' it."

He dropped to his knee in the captured trench, began to fumble with his instep. He'd say it was a wound if the Sergeant asked, or something wrong with his boot if the Sergeant was too close to lie to. He thought the Sergeant would say something—Sergeants have the habit.

"Over again, lads, and splashy lively," said the Sergeant, and to no one in particular. As for 'Enery—'Enery doubted whether the Sergeant knew he was alive. The frayed rank went in a kick and a heave over the Fritz parados. 'Enery waited for a moment. Something seemed to tug him forward in spite of his decision. The Fritz barrage began to come down thick. The whole place was fluffing and crumping and bumping off. 'Enery was glad he hadn't done it.

Those lads must be 'aving a 'ell of a show.

He stood in the trench. He thought out what he must say if and when the supports came up. He couldn't think of anything bright. He per-spined a little, because the officer of the second rush might have a 'ard 'eart, and mistake things. It occurred to him that a man—if his name was 'Enery—could get into dug-outs and blush unseen.

He made for the nearest dug-out entrance. A splash of shrap. aided him. The Germans were firing straight into the trench . . . what did they mean by that? The line had gone on, hadn't it? He didn't trouble to consider the ethics of Boche. He dived for the entrance. There is nothing so

satisfactorily deep as German dug-outs. 'Enery went down thirty steps before touching bottom, and the relief of knowing how solid good Mother Earth was 'above him cheered him enormously. At the bottom it was particularly dark, and rather quiet (considering the shelling that was going on), and he stood waiting and listening, and bidding 'is little flutterin' 'eart be still.

"Wonder if enny of those blinkers are down 'ere—'iding? The curs," he thought. "Wonder if enny of 'um is?" He heard nothing. Secretly he pulled out his electric torch. He saw nothing.

"Orl right," he muttered. "Bit o' orl right. I'm cushy till arter this 'orrible offensive."

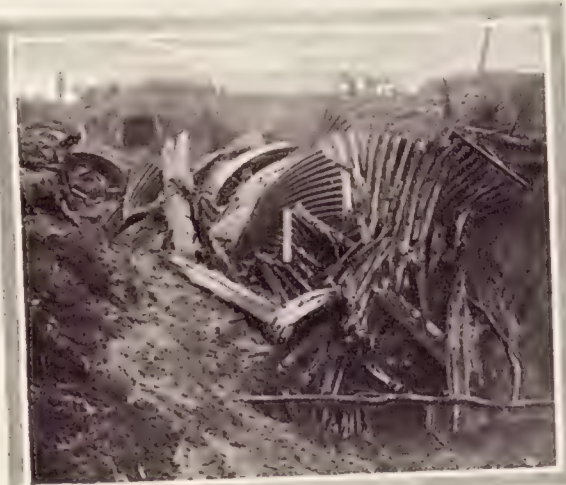
He walked along the dug-out looking for food and the wine that's lager.

In the usual way, the dug-out was connected with others by a passage. There were two or three biggish chambers in line, and a smaller one ("orficers'") at the end. There were many evidences that the late owners had left their abodes without the usual quarterly notice

in advance. 'Enery considered he could stock a pretty good rag-and-bone shop with what they had left about on the floor. But he was grateful. There was food. He wandered along, amiably looking at things and German comic papers, which, he considered, were not the sort of things his wife Emmy should

see. As he meandered he felt that the world wasn't a bad ole place. At least, that was his idea until he heard a scuffling on the thirty dug-out steps, and heard the voices of men coming down.

[Continued overleaf.]



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—LIKE THE HEAPED DÉBRIS OF A TREMENDOUS RAILWAY SMASH: CHAOTIC WRECKAGE OF CORRUGATED-IRON ROOFING FROM A BOMBARDED GERMAN DUG-OUT.—[Official Photograph.]



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—A TRENCH TROPHY OF WHICH WE HAVE NUMBERS TO SHOW: A HIGHLANDER GROUP WITH A GERMAN MINENWERFER, THEIR OWN CAPTURE.—[Official Photograph.]



CLIMBING DOWN AFTER

Owing to the general flatness of and, in particular, all over the between Ypres and the sand-dunes Dunkirk, where the Belgian Army have to be adopted for keeping Look-out scaffolding and lofty obs



## —'ENERY.

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(Continued overleaf.)

## On the Belgian front in West flanders.



CLIMBING DOWN AFTER WATCHING THE ENEMY: A BELGIAN OFFICER LEAVING AN "O.-PIP."

Owing to the general flatness of the *terrain* in Western Flanders, and, in particular, all over the tract of country which extends between Ypres and the sand-dunes along the coast to the north of Dunkirk, where the Belgian Army holds the line, artificial measures have to be adopted for keeping watch in the enemy's direction. Look-out scaffolding and lofty observation-posts of timber, reached

by ladders from the ground, are erected at every point where they can be of service. Thus a wide general view is obtainable. Observers with telescopes and instruments occupy these posts night and day. The illustration shows an officer descending from one after his watch is over.—[Photo. by the Photographic Section of the Belgian Army]



He stopped, alert. The second line was up, then; they were coming down into the dug-out to clean it up of Fritzes. An', lummy, 'e 'adn't thort of ennythin' to say. Then he reflected—"If they throw down one of them blinkin' bombs . . . even a stink bomb?" He stood hesitating whether to hail or not, and he heard the voices plainly. There was no mistaking those voices. "Allemans, me foot!" he gasped. He turned and bolted to the furthest and smallest of the dug-outs.

He knew he might be in considerable danger. The Germans had, obviously, counter-attacked and had retaken their trench. He reckoned that a German under those circumstances was not to be trusted with the little life of 'Enery. There'd be none of the "clasp hands and be friends" about 'em just now.

He waited, crouching, and a considerable racket went on overhead. The British were shelling pretty hard, he gathered, and there seemed to be a hefty mix-up in fighting going on. All that 'Enery cared about was that the British wouldn't blow in the entrance, and that the British would so paste the Allemans that they would go away without 'armin' 'im.

It was the deuce of a racket. It was all muffled down here, but 'Enery guessed it was 'ot business. It went on for some time. He thought he heard shouting at one time, but it was all mixed up. In the end it got quiet. And then 'ne 'orrid bit 'appened. He heard the Allemans collecting in the next

lasts." It put him in a very bad 'ole. Wot was a feller to do, he wondered. If he waited there, some one of them would come in and see him, and start murdering on sight before he could explain. Whereas, if he went out to them, showed 'e meant no 'arm, they *might* be decent. Might see he was really the sort of man to take prisoner. He decided to go out. There was an awful lot of them packed tight in the dug-out outside,



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—DINNER-TIME IN THE TRENCHES: SOLDIERS COMING UP TO GET THEIR CANTEENS FILLED FROM THE COMPANY STEWPANS CLOSE TO THE FIRING-LINE.—[Official Photograph.]

and the way they jabbered was crool. They were all looking the other way. Silly blighters, 'Enery had to attract their attention. He yelled "Kamerad," and then didn't they 'ari swing round on 'im?

He expected rifles to go up. He expected a score of shots into particularly painful parts of his anatomy. The rifles, all the rifles, fell down.

He expected every hand to be raised in rage against him. Every hand was raised in quivers before him.

He expected snarls of hate and anger. He heard sniffing voices bleat "Kamerad! Kamerad! Kamerad!"

It was a fair knock-out.

He began to surrender; they all threw themselves in surrender at his head. He tried to say he was outnumbered. They told him, in all the accents of Bloomsbury, that the British second line held the trench, that they were cut off and were his prisoners.

He placed himself in their hands. They shook their hands free of him, and pushed him towards the dug-out steps, towards the British. . . . It is understood that 'Enery is to get something or other with a ribbon to it for capturing twenty-five sound Bavarian prisoners.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—WHILE THE MIDDAY MEAL IS BEING "HOTTED UP": MEN WARMING THEMSELVES OVER THE COOKING-PAN WHILE THEIR PORK AND BEANS ARE GETTING READY TO SERVE OUT.—[Official Photograph.]

dug-out. He heard them gathering and talking—a lot of them—and he guessed it was all up with 'Enery. "Bin reinforced probably, an' down they comes into the dug-outs while the racket



#### HOW BRITISH W

Our first photograph illustrating the removal of British soldiers from France, are removed from the front lines, and are, when in need, taken for further treatment at home. Numerous incidents of helpfulness are undertaken by ladies of the Red Cross.



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## British and French Red-Cross Work in France.



### HOW BRITISH WOUNDED ARE COLLECTED; AND FRENCH SOCIETY WORKING FOR THE WAR.

Our first photograph illustrates how British wounded, collected in France, are removed from the base hospitals to which they have been taken, and are, when in a fit condition, sent by hospital-ships for further treatment at home. Our second shows one of those numerous incidents of helpful war-work of the humblest kind which is undertaken by ladies of France in the hospitals. They are

shown here peeling potatoes in a hospital in Northern France. They are girls of aristocratic family, but have, it would seem, heard of George Herbert's worthy lines: "Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws Makes that and the action fine." It has long been felt that all war-work is honourable, and that the humblest as well as the highest kinds are of value.—[French Official Photographs.]





"That Great Battlefield . . . now all Slimy and Glutino



A SLOUGH—BUT NOT "THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND": A SCENE OF DESOLATION

Something of the discomfort and hardships which our troops face so cheerfully in winter may be inferred from this photograph. Describing recently the state of affairs at the front, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The rains . . . created a condition of things in and behind the lines quite fantastically disagreeable. . . . It was a sheer fight for life against natural hardships. . . . It

ON THE ANCRE, ELOQUENT OF WINTER

was not the Germans they feared—those poor men—those poor men—for exhausting the bodies and souls of men. . . . explosions during months of ceaseless bom



field . . . now all Slimy and Glutinous: On the Ancre.



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ON THE ANCRE, ELOQUENT OF WINTER CONDITIONS ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

was not the Germans they feared—those poor, bogged wretches in front of them—but 'General Winter,' with his devilish powers for exhausting the bodies and souls of men. Away behind them . . . was that great battlefield, churned up by shell-fire and mine-explosions during months of ceaseless bombardment, and now all slimy and glutinous in a series of swamps."—[Official Photograph.]



# Canadian Indians Taking Part in the War.



## FEATHER HEAD-DRESSES LEADING KHAKI: GLASGOW; CHIEF "CLEAR SKY" AND THE LORD PROVOST.

A number of Canadian Indians have enrolled in certain Canadian battalions. Some have been, and are, at the front, where they have done useful work; others are on the way there. The famous "Six Nations," of which the historic Mohawks are the leading tribe, sent 150 recruits last year from the Indian Reserves in Ontario. They have trained in Scotland, and are shortly to start

for the front. A few days ago they were invited to visit Glasgow and meet the Lord Provost at the City Chambers. The upper illustration shows the contingent marching through the streets, all in khaki except four chiefs who—for the occasion—headed the party in Indian full dress. The lower illustration shows Sir Thomas Dunlop speaking to the Chief "Clear Sky."—[Photographs by C.N.]

# Christm

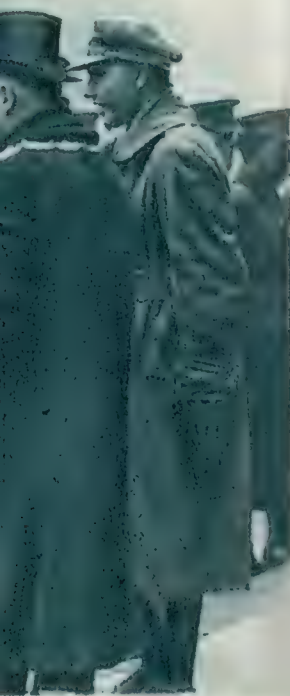


## THE SEASON OF REMEM

Our photographs show a number of A so many replicas of Santa Claus in mounds of parcels which are being sent and relatives of men on active service they are not forgotten, and to give them home at the season *par excellence* of h



War.



AND THE LORD PROVOST.

They were invited to visit Glasgow and City Chambers. The upper illustration through the streets, all in khaki except the Lord Provost—headed the party in Indian full dress. The lower illustration shows Sir Thomas Dunlop speaking to the men. Photographs by C.N.]

## Christmas Parcels for Tommy at the front.



## THE SEASON OF REMEMBRANCE AND GOODWILL: ARMY POSTMEN BUSY AT THEIR BIG JOB.

Our photographs show a number of Army postmen, dealing, like so many replicas of Santa Claus in khaki, with some of the mounds of parcels which are being sent to the Front by friends and relatives of men on active service abroad to show them that they are not forgotten, and to give them a pleasant reminder of home at the season *par excellence* of home reunions, to so many

impossible in these anxious days. The Army postmen work hard and willingly to ensure that Tommy shall not suffer disappointment. The number of parcels to be despatched is enormous, but it is good to know that everything is done with care and system, and that there is every reason to anticipate that all the men will receive their presents in good time for Christmas.—[Photos. by L.N.A.]



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

OF all the societies and organisations—khaki-clad, as befits their war origin, or clothed in the civilian garb of peace—that the present conflict has called into being, none is doing better or more useful work than the Women's Reserve Ambulance, known also as the Green Cross Society, by reason of the Green Maltese Cross worn by members as part of their badge equipment. A writer in the Press, describing its activities, wrote: "The Women's Reserve Ambulance might be respectfully named the 'Stick-at-Nothings.' These ladies have organised themselves on military lines. They wear khaki uniforms, and have weekly drills. They undertake any kind of work done by Army orderlies—the job which Tommy declares he did not join the Army to do is the job of the Women's Reserve Ambulance."

That sums up the reason of the Corps' existence as well as anything. Officially, it is laid down that the object of the Corps is to "provide a trained, disciplined, and efficient body of women for work in and in connection with war hospitals and other forms of emergency war work." In practice, the members interpret the rôle in the broadest possible sense, and the actual work accomplished is a piquant blending of those purely domestic labours for the performance of which Providence is popularly supposed to have created womankind, and the widely different task

of driving motor-ambulances along a dark road when an air raid is in progress, and it is just luck whether a bomb lands on your car or on a field a mile away.

Everyone knows that the country wants all the help it can get from its women. Large numbers of women have responded to the call, and

given generously alike of their time and money. But even when every available woman has been called up—if it should ever come to that—for war service in one form or another, there must still remain a numerically large body who for domestic or economic reasons are prevented from, so to speak, "going the whole hog." It is just such people that the W.R.A. prides

itself on helping. Economy is its motto in the sense that nothing in the way of time placed by recruits at its disposal need be, or is, wasted. If you go to 199, Piccadilly, W., the headquarters of the body, and state your intention of joining the

Corps, if accepted as a suitable candidate you will immediately be asked what time you can devote to its service. Critics might be disposed to doubt the efficiency of work done under such conditions. In reality, the thing is simple and eminently practical. The Corps, as has been said, takes a wide view of its obligation to

help in every possible way. As a result, its duties are so varied that the enlistment of "part time" volunteers is a perfectly workable proposition.

[Continued overleaf.]



"SOME" GLOVES: FEARNUGHT GAUNTLETS FOR THE NAVY.

Our photograph shows four pairs of the admirable gauntlets which are being made by ladies in Glasgow for our sailors, and are of a most practical and comfortable character.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



"SOME" GLOVES: GAUNTLETS FOR THE NAVY.

Glasgow ladies are busily making gloves for the Navy, which are known in the Service as Fearnought gauntlets, and have won the commendation of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. Our photograph shows ladies making the gloves with oddments of woollen materials and pieces of waterproof given by sympathetic donors.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



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KINDNESS KNOWS NO

There are greater virtues than kindness that in time of war the efforts of women rather than leave the suffering troops are in hospital without practical help. Our photographs show how benefited by American ladies in Paris, who



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[Continued overleaf.]

## American Sympathy in France: Parcels for the Hospitals.



## KINDNESS KNOWS NO FRONTIERS: AMERICAN LADIES MAKING UP GIFTS FOR THE WOUNDED.

There are greater virtues than neutrality, and necessity demands that in time of war the efforts of benevolence should ignore frontiers rather than leave the suffering troops who have been wounded and are in hospital without practical and tangible marks of sympathy. Our photographs show how beneficently this feeling is interpreted by American ladies in Paris, who are working energetically in send-

ing parcels for the Allies in hospital; the first picture in particular, showing them making up surprise parcels for Christmas Day. Each parcel bears the Stars and Stripes, and a large number of them will be sent to the Front. The second photograph shows American ladies in Paris busily making up parcels of appliances, etc., to be sent to the Paris hospitals.—[French Official Photographs.]



The fact that those who cannot devote the whole of their time to the work of organisation are enrolled as members does not in any sense imply that any slackness in regard to work is tolerated. Recruits who enrol promise "to serve faithfully, to obey their superior officers, to attend the



A WOMAN "BAKER AND POULTERER": MISS ISA AUSTIN.

Miss Austin, a Scotch girl who, industriously contriving "a double debt to pay," in the dearth of masculine labour, is seen in our photograph turning her time to further account after going a "bread round" by feeding the poultry at her father's home in Lenzie, near Glasgow.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

appointed drills, to perform the duties required of them in the times stated on their enrolment form," and the promise must be kept. Failure to fulfil the obligations, without a reasonable excuse, involves dismissal.

You may recognise the members of the W.R.A. by means of the brass letters on their green shoulder-straps, and the green Maltese cross with a gold centre they wear on each arm, with the khaki coat and skirt, turned-up felt hat, belt, and puttees that constitute the Corps uniform. And here it may be said that the adoption of khaki uniform was not done with a view to "apeing men," as the saying is, but because in a body constituted for purposes of public service a uniform, besides making for discipline and public spirit, very often secures for its wearer immunity from unpleasant attention when she is going about her business. As for the work, even those—and there are still many of them—who look askance at the duties that war-time conditions impose on women, could scarcely take exception to first-aid, home nursing, canteen work, cooking, and domestic economy that are amongst the duties members undertake, others being motoring, and running repairs, and orderly work, with, of course, the understanding of other responsibilities as "emergency" shall demand.

Most people by this time have heard of Peel House, the club for Overseas contingents in Westminster. Every day from seven in the morning until eight o'clock at night a contingent of the W.R.A. are hard at work serving meals, making beds, and otherwise attending to the comforts of the inmates of the institution. There are quite a number of small hospitals owing a debt of gratitude to W.R.A. members for services rendered in the kitchens. It supplies messengers to the Y.M.C.A., orderlies to war hospital supply depôts, and recently rather more than a dozen of its members have replaced R.A.M.C. orderlies at the Military Hospital run by women in Endell Street. There they do the work of the men, whether it be "receiving" patients or attending to the incinerator, and the "experiment," said Mrs. Charles Beatty, the Corps Commandant, recently, "is working well."

The Transport Section does important work whether in transporting wounded and munitions, meeting soldiers home from the trenches to convey them to destination or station, or driving limless patients to and from Queen Mary's Auxiliary Hospital at Roehampton on certain days of the week. Incidentally, it was a W.R.A. motor ambulance that arrived first on the scenes at two of the worst accidents in the first London Zeppelin raid; and in recognition of ser-



A WOMAN "BAKER AND POULTERER": MISS ISA AUSTIN.

Miss Austin is a very energetic worker in these strenuous days. She helps her father in his business, and has taken the place of a van-man who has been called up for service. Our photograph shows her on her daily round, after completing which she helps with the poultry at her home in Lenzie, near Glasgow.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

vices then rendered the Corps is officially attached to the D Division of the Metropolitan Police for Air Raid Relief. Apart from that, it is on the list of societies the Government may employ. Lastly, more workers are needed. CLAUDINE CLEVE.

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AT A SCHOOL OF INSTRU  
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## On the french front: The Training of Bombers.



### AT A SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION—A PRACTICAL LESSON: FLINGING A GRENADE AS IF IN ACTION.

Schools for instruction for bombers are established at many places in rear of the Allied Western Front, both British and French schools. The men taught are either volunteers or selected by reason of special aptitude and physique. They are sent from their regiments to undergo tuition in the handling of the missiles, which, if ordinarily safe to deal with, prove sometimes "tricky" and

dangerous. The knack or art of throwing hand-grenades also does not come naturally with most soldiers. In the illustration, a French soldier is seen practising. The instructor stands by the corner of the sand-bag traverse at one side. The compartment itself is walled in with sand-bags on three sides—front parapet and two traverses—in case of short bursts.—[French Official Photograph.]



# On the Western front: The Remains of Combles.



TAKEN BY THE BRITISH AND FRENCH JOINTLY: HOUSES AFTER BOMBARDMENT;—IN A STREET.

Combles is described by Mr. Philip Gibbs, who saw it immediately after its capture, as a "place of some importance and more than a mere village." It was attacked on two fronts at once; by the French at one side and by ourselves at another, the immediate objective of the operations happening to be just where the Allied armies linked. The result of the joint attack was that each Ally

took and occupied its own half of the place. The Germans, for their part, abandoned Combles just before the final Allied advance, making no defence in the streets as was expected. Combles had previously been severely bombarded. The upper illustration shows what remained of some of the houses on the Allies entering: the lower shows a street in Combles.—[French Official Photographs.]



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IN THE FRENCH TRENCH

The bushy and often unduly long beard of French soldiers during the earlier part of the war was a mark of the Territorials—from which the popular name "hairy" originated—have for some time been shaven. Hair on the face, moustache, and beard are now only that. Beards must either be kept



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—[French Official Photographs.]

## How "Poilu" Now has Lost its Meaning.



### IN THE FRENCH TRENCHES ON THE SOMME FRONT: A BARBER'S DUG-OUT AND CUSTOMERS.

The bushy and often unduly long beards affected by not a few French soldiers during the earlier part of the war, in particular the Territorials—from which the popular sobriquet of "Poilu," or "hairy," originated—have for some time been officially banned. Hair on the face, moustache, and short beards are allowed, but only that. Beards must either be kept closely trimmed or else

be shaved off. The conditions of trench life made such an order necessary in the interests of the men. Now, even while the men are in the trenches, barbers are at work. A barber's trench dug-out on the Somme front, with a customer being shaved and another waiting his turn outside, is shown above. Health, not vanity, is the first consideration, and very properly so.—[French Official Photograph.]



## The War at Sea—On Board a Submarine.



### IN THE NAVIGATING COMPARTMENT: THE COMMANDER AT THE PERISCOPE, AND HIS STAFF.

This is what it looks like in the navigating compartment of an Allied submarine just after submerging, on being fired at by hostile surface craft. The submarine, at the moment illustrated, has only her periscope above water. Through it, by means of the lower lens, the officer in charge, as shown here, is watching the surface, and observing the enemy's movements and endeavours to locate

the submarine. To the left of the officer's legs is seen one of the crew, standing ready to call down orders to the engine-room or elsewhere, through the voice-pipes. To the right of the officer is the steersman at the wheel, alert to follow the directions called to him by the officer. Another of the crew is seen noting down each order as the officer gives it.

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A BRITISH OFFICER